

TAXICAB INTERIOR A WRECK BEFORE GIRL TOOK LEAP

Young Woman, However, Refuses to Tell Why She Jumped to Street.

MARRIED MAN HELD.

Says He Was in a Stupor and Doesn't Know What Happened in Cab.

Physicians at Flower Hospital tried in vain to-day to get a coherent statement from Miss Marie Dowd, a pretty cabaret singer, twenty-three years old, who fell or jumped from a speeding taxicab on Fifty-eighth Street, near Lexington Avenue, early yesterday morning after a wild night ride with a young man.

"Go away," she kept repeating. "Oh, let me alone!"

Dr. Francis T. Chase, who is attending Miss Dowd, has not yet been able to determine just what is the matter with her.

Frederick W. Smith, chief clerk in the Nineteenth Ward branch of the Security Bank, Third Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street, who was riding with Miss Dowd when the trouble took place, made a long statement to the police before being arraigned in the Yorkville police court to-day.

The chief clerk, thirty-two years old, a married man with two children, lives at No. 607 Morgan Avenue, Brooklyn. He is being held on the charge of intoxication.

Smith said that Saturday evening the employees of the Nineteenth Ward branch gave a farewell party to Paying Teller Barfield, who soon is to take another position.

"There was a spread in the lodge-room over the bank," he added. "We had liquor, and things were merry until almost midnight, when I went to the Belvidere Restaurant in Brooklyn and there telephoned to Miss Dowd, who met me. We then went to a taxi cab. I don't remember much of what took place afterward, except that I ordered the chauffeur to take Miss Dowd to her home at No. 169 Greenpoint Avenue in Brooklyn, that we went there and she could not get in."

"Afterward we started for Manhattan. I was in a stupor, and did not come out of it until awakened by the noise of Miss Dowd falling out of the taxicab."

Although the interior of the vehicle showed signs of a struggle, Smith insisted there had been none. Cushions were torn in the taxicab, a strap was wrenched from its fastenings and a bouquet holder was smashed. A diamond stickpin belonging to Smith was found under the seat by Frederick Hansen, the chauffeur.

Miss Dowd has thus far been unable to tell what took place in the taxicab. Her aunt, with whom she lives, visited the hospital to-day. She made this statement to Detective Manning, who is working on the case, but insisted that her name be not used:

"Marie is a good girl. She has known Mr. Smith for a year. I do not believe she knew he was married. She always came home early. I was away from home last evening, and that is the reason she was unable to get in."

NEW MARSHAL AT WORK.

McCarthy Reappoints Deputies Left by Henkel.

United States Marshal Thomas D. McCarthy took off his coat and went to work this morning in the Federal Building. He was sworn in Saturday to succeed William Henkel.

The first thing Marshal McCarthy did after his bond of \$40,000 had been filed and approved was to announce the reappointment of all of Henkel's deputies. This proceeding was a visible relief to the anxieties of the twenty-odd men who served for years with the former Marshal.

Marshal McCarthy made his formal debut in Judge Cushman's Court, where he received the congratulations of half a hundred members of the bar.

Home for Girls Has Six "Beau Parlors," And They're Occupied Every Evening, Too

Harriet Judson Home in Brooklyn a Happy Hunting Ground for Cupid, With High Standards but No Rules.

Result Has Been Many Happy Marriages—Newest Social Specific for Girls Away From Home Works Like a Charm.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

Beau parlors! That's the newest social specific prescribed for the girl away from home. And to everybody who hasn't a dedicated heart and a mislaid imagination the beau parlor must sound like a splendid institution. Miss Bertha Geary, who fills an important position with the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association, is credited with originating the idea. Miss Geary is usually to be found at her New York headquarters, but just now she is carrying her idea on a long trip through the Middle West. It had its latest airing at Milwaukee the other day, when she took it out at a discreet gathering of ministers, their wives and church workers.

"Beau parlors would add greatly to the present facilities of the Milwaukee Y. W. C. A.," she declared intrepidly. "There should be plenty of opportunity for courting. Just as long as there are pretty girls to live in associations, there will be beaux to entertain, and there is no use in side-tracking the beau question."

For her associate, Miss Bertha Saford.

"Therefore I speak from knowledge when I say that they are thoroughly nice young men who call here," the former declared. "They appreciate the atmosphere, too, quite as much as

we do." "There are! I counted them myself—six delightful little parlors, all in varying but harmonious shades of brown, each with its two trim chairs, high backed corner seat, small round table and excellent pictures. The beau parlor is not a "play" room, a thing of portieres and screens. It is solidly partitioned off from its neighbors, and the only chaperon is the open doorway which fronts on the big main reception room that reaches half the length of the house. There are two double parlors, so that girl chums may entertain together.

Every night in the week the beau parlors are occupied, and as first aids to Cupid they have already proved themselves invaluable. Although the Harriet Judson Home has been open only a little over a year it has already been the scene of one wedding and dozens of girls living in it have left to get married. "There were so many weddings last spring," laughs Miss Emma Alexander, one of the two resident Superintendents, "that I said I'd have to give these parlors shorter working hours."

In actual fact, she is as pleased as any of the girls at their success. She nodded instant assent when I quoted to her Miss Geary's remark about there always being beaux to entertain so long as pretty girls live in institutions. "I have been asked," she added with a twinkle, "if it isn't necessary for a girl to be pretty before she can be admitted to this home. The qualification is not an essential one, but we do have such a large number of pretty girls."

"A girl may have men callers every night in the week if she likes. We have dancing here for the girls every night after dinner, and on Friday nights the men we have a big formal reception and dance, to which each girl is also allowed to ask her men friends to dine here, and once a week or oftener, in summer, she may entertain men callers in the roof garden on top of the house."

Do you wonder that the Harriet Judson Home is a happy hunting ground for Cupid? And isn't it a refreshing change from the old, prison-like, institutional boarding house for working girls?

Yet liberty is not confused with license. As Miss Alexander went on to explain, the social life of the girls is conducted exactly as it would be in any well-regulated home or college dormitory. Just as the property brought-up daughter presents her callers to her mother, as a matter of course, so the girls in the home on Nevins Street naturally introduce their men friends to Miss Alexander.

AT 73, IS TO MARRY
FIRST SWEETHEART

RICHMOND, Va., March 15.—A romance of civil war times will have its culmination here to-morrow when Miss Gille Cary becomes the bride of Colonel W. Gordon McCabe, who founded McCabe's University School, but recently has been devoting his time to writing, chiefly for English magazines and periodicals.

Sweethearts in the days when McCabe was a dashing young officer in Lee's army, the two are said to have been parted by a lovers' quarrel, with the result that the Colonel after the war married Miss Virginia Osborne, of Petersburg. Two years ago his wife died.

Now, after many years, the old love is revived and the Colonel and Miss Cary are to be married in the home of the bride, at No. 8 East Grace Street.

Col. McCabe is well known in New York, where he is a member of the University Club. He recently celebrated his seventy-third birthday.



THEY HAD A DANCE HALL AND A DANCE A WEEK



AND A BOB-COUGH FOR SUMMER

YUCATAN REBELS PROVE LIVELY FOE FOR THE MEXICANS

Yankee Skipper Tells How They Blew Up Gunboat and Planned Their Independence.

How the Mexican navy was destroyed by what appeared to be a barrel of butter and how Yucatan has succeeded from Mexico was related to-day by an eyewitness, Capt. William J. Ryan, who came to New York from Havana on the Ward Line Esperanza.

Capt. Ryan has been for several years in command of the big Ward Line tug Auxiliary, which was used for towing, lighterage and general emergency work in Cuban waters. The Auxiliary flew the Mexican flag. She is now lying in Havana Harbor with no flag at all, and Capt. Ryan and his crew of ten men have come to New York for direct instructions.

On Feb. 27 the Auxiliary arrived in Progreso, the port of the State of Yucatan, to find that Yucatan had rebelled against Carranza and set up an independent government. From outward appearances the Yucatan Indian populace was in serene revolt.

In the harbor was the Mexican Navy, consisting of the gunboat Progreso, having on board about 200 Carranzistas. The Yucatanians warned the Progreso to leave, but the warnings had been ignored.

Capt. Ryan anchored the Auxiliary a short distance from the Progreso. One day a boat went ashore from the Progreso for supplies, and among the supplies was what the commander of the gunboat thought was a barrel of butter. The barrel was deposited on the forward deck of the gunboat with other supplies, awaiting removal to the galley.

Within an hour after the barrel of butter was taken aboard the Progreso it exploded. The crafty Yucatanians had hidden away in the barrel some sort of infernal machine of tremendous power.

Some twenty of the crew of the Progreso were killed and as many more wounded. The gunboat went to the bottom. Capt. Ryan picked up about 140 survivors.

Without the gunboat the Carranzistas were helpless and Capt. Ryan could not put them ashore in a hostile country. So he steamed out to the Ward Line steamship Moore

Castle, which, flying the American flag, was loading from lighters six miles out at sea. The survivors went aboard the Morro Castle and the Auxiliary steamed back to Progreso Harbor.

She had no sooner come to anchor than several boatloads of Yucatanians, in command of a chief, came alongside. All were armed. They commandeered the Auxiliary and ordered Capt. Ryan to go out to the Morro Castle. On reaching that vessel they demanded the 140 survivors of the gunboat wreck.

Capt. Huff of the Morro Castle refused to give up the men. He was through there anyhow for that trip, so he headed his ship out into the Gulf of Mexico and went on his way. The Yucatanians commanded Capt. Ryan to return to Progreso, where they went ashore. They relinquished charge of the tug, but asked Capt. Ryan to take a delegation of forty citizens as far as Havana on their way to the United States. These citizens were empowered to seek aid in this country for the Yucatan revolution.

On the arrival of the Auxiliary at Havana the Carranza Mexican Consul there, learning that the tug had transported rebel Yucatanians from Progreso, went aboard and revoked the right to use the Mexican flag. Having forfeited her American registry when she went under the Mexican flag, the Auxiliary was a sea orphan and could not go anywhere. She will probably be put back under American registry.

Capt. Ryan said that Yucatan had now 40,000 men under arms and was prepared to use them in maintaining her independence.

"I was told by some of the party," Capt. Ryan said, "that a movement was afoot in Yucatan to request the United States to recognize Yucatan's independence. Another plan was to have the United States establish a protectorate over Yucatan, somewhat similar to that which it exercises over Porto Rico, if this could be done without depriving the State of its sovereignty."

SEE OVERNIGHT
HON' READILY
POSAM HEALS

Often when Poslam is applied to an eruption spot, that is the last you will see of the disorder, and the skin is clear next morning.

Poslam is efficiency itself in the treatment of any skin trouble. Its merits are easily demonstrated by trial overnight. Complexions are beautifully cleared; Blackheads and adolescent Pimples removed. Nothing equals Poslam for Eczema. Itching stops at once. All eruptions troubles are controlled and driven away.

Your druggist sells Poslam. For free sample write to Emergency Laboratories, 32 West 25th Street, New York.

Poslam Soap, medicated with Poslam, prevents roughness. 25 cents and 15 cents.—Adv.

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SCOTT'S EMULSION is helping thousands every day; its rare oil-food enriches the blood, aids the lungs. A pure, strength-containing tonic, free from alcohol. TRY IT.

All lost or found articles advertised in The World will be held at The World's Information Bureau, Pulitzer Building, Arcade, Park Row; World's Lost Office, northwest corner 25th St. and Broadway; World's Lost Office, 255 West 125th St.; and World's Lost Office, 203 Washington St., Brooklyn, for 30 days following the printing of the advertisement.

WOMEN THROG COURT TO HEAR ANGLE DEFENSE

Report That Accused Woman Will Take Stand To-Day Brings Big Crowd.

MANY TURNED AWAY.

Mrs. Angle Is Expected to Be the Principal Witness in Her Own Behalf.

(Special From a Staff Correspondent.)

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., March 15.—Special officers were assigned to-day to keep in order the multitude of women who tried to force their way into the courtroom at the trial of Mrs. Helen M. Angle, charged with causing the violent death of Waldo R. Ballou, her sixty-nine-year-old suitor, last June.

Many were turned from the doors. It was reported in some of the Bridgeport newspapers that Mrs. Angle would take the stand in her own defense as the first witness to-day. More than half the spectators who appeared early enough to get seats were women.

Mrs. Seraphina Klahre, police matron at Stamford, was the first witness under cross examination by Attorney Jacob Klein. She told of the conflicting explanations given by Mrs. Angle after prints of bloodstained feet were followed from the sidewalk, when Ballou was found, to the door of her apartment.

Former Judge N. C. Downs, counsel for Mrs. Angle, asked the privilege of addressing the jury, even though the prosecutor had waived his opening address. The motion was denied and the defense opened at half-past eleven.

Samuel Murphy, janitor of the Rippon Building, in which Mrs. Angle lived, and Ezra Hay, lodge treasurer, contradicted the State's witnesses. They said the lower stairs had no appearance of having been washed just after Ballou's fall.

Former Councillman Acorn of Stamford said he had often seen Ballou buying bottles of liquor near Mrs. Angle's home and had seen him drinking in saloons. Dr. Jacob Neimonten said Ballou's breath smelled of whiskey when he was picked up.

WILLIAMS RESIGN? NO!

Not Unless Mayor Wants Him To, He Tells Mitchell.

There was a flurry in City Hall official circles to-day when Mayor Mitchell called up Commissioner William Williams of the Department of Water, Gas and Electricity and asked him to report in person at once. This was after the Mayor had been asked if Commissioner Williams, like City Chamberlain Bruns and Health Commissioner Goldwater, intended to resign.

When Commissioner Williams reached the Mayor's office the following dialogue ensued:

"Commissioner, have you any intention of resigning?" asked the Mayor. "Why, no, Mr. Mayor. I expect to retain my position unless you see fit to secure somebodys else. I don't want to resign unless you want me to," said the Commissioner.

"I don't want you to," said the Mayor. "Thank you," said the Commissioner.

HICCOUGHS FOR SIX DAYS.

Although more than seventy years old, John O'Farrell, of Wappinger Falls, near Gold Springs, still held out to-day against a continual attack of hiccoughs that has now lasted six days. Physicians are unable to stop the hiccoughing, and O'Farrell is weakening more every hour. O'Farrell, a few years ago was the leading politician of the village. He is a veteran of the Civil War. Because of his advanced age his relatives despair of his recovery.

GIRLS BASKET HATS USED FOR GOALS IN PALM BEACH GAME.

PALM BEACH, March 15.—As it rained hard here yesterday a crowd of young men and women played a game of basketball in the large octagonal ballroom of the Poinciana. In the absence of nets the players used basket hats belonging to Miss Ethel Carhart and Miss Ada Norfleet, suspending them by cords attached to ventilating windows in the roof.

Miss Lillian Hyde, the Florida and metropolitan golf champion, captained one team and Miss Mary Snyder the other. The extra players were Miss Lois McGinley, Miss Carhart, Miss Norfleet, Miss Irene Horn and William J. Hyde, L. Havemeyer Butt, Charles Inman and W. F. Snyder.

LIFE IN BERLIN RUNS ALONG IN OLD WAY

BERLIN, March 15.—Only in the number of hotel guests, passengers transported on street cars and buildings constructed has the normal civic life of Berlin varied materially within the last year, according to figures just compiled. The birth and death rate and the number of marriages during December, 1914, were approximately the same as during the same month in 1913.

The figures show that 73,400 guests registered at Berlin hotels in December, 1914, or 30,000 less than the year before. Similarly, the street car lines carried only 46,000,000 passengers during the same period, as against 52,000,000 in 1913. The number of buildings on which construction was started was reduced by 50 per cent.

There were 1,421 marriages in December, 1914, compared with 1,333 in 1913; 1,139 births as against an almost equal number, and 2,778 deaths in 1914 in comparison with 1,467 in December, 1913. First deaths in number by 50 per cent, from 1,400 to 800. The December, 1913, savings bank deposits were increased in 1914 by 150,000 marks.

YSAYE

Eugen Ysaye, the greatest violinist of all time, plays Vieuxtemps' Rhapsodie on Columbia Record No. 33,000. Ask your dealer to play it for you to-day. The price of this glorious Record is \$1.50.

COLUMBIA DOUBLE- DISC RECORDS

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Why Try to Fool Your Stomach?

Some folks have an idea that if they eat big meals their brains and bodies will be strong.

Strength and energy don't come from gorging the stomach, but depend upon eating the right kind of food.

For nourishment of brain and body, Nature abundantly supplies in her field grains the elements needed.

The famous wheat and barley food

Grape-Nuts

contains in splendid proportion all the nutriment of the grains, retaining the mineral salts—phosphate of potash, etc., stored under their outer coat, and which are especially necessary for keeping brain, nerves and muscle in working trim.

Grape-Nuts food is in the form of crisp, nut-like granules—delicious with cream or good milk—easy to digest—economical—

The perfect food for sound nourishment!

"There's a Reason"

—sold by Grocers everywhere

The Famous Chocolate Laxative

EX-LAX

Relieves Constipation

Helps Digestion

Keeps the Blood Pure

Ex-Lax is a delicious chocolate laxative recommended by physicians as a mild, yet positive remedy for constipation in all its forms. Ex-Lax has made thousands happy.

A 10-cent box will provide you with a supply of all doctors.